A friendly Caution to the

Break-a-day Men & Defenders.

To which are added.

2. The JOLLY BEGGAR-MAN.
3. Fitzgerald's Tragedy. Second Part.
4. The Weaver's Description, &c.

Newry; Printed in the Year, 1788.

The Weaver's Diſcription, the Neighbouring Borders of Newry.

COME all ye ratling roving blades,
Bacchus's Sons be not di'may'd,
I mean the boys of the weaving trade,
I firſt begin with Newry;
Newry boys are ſtout and true,
They will always back the Orange and Blue,
If Ulſter bright you mean to view,
Your firſt ſurvey is Newry.
Let decency be my reward,
Bally-bought boys I do record,
They are worthy of the King's reward,
Their actions were victorious;
That health and trade may never fall,
May they be bleſt with freedom all,
Till death I will record their name,
When I am in Daffin's barn.
Rathfryland ſhall not be forgot,
It is a darling pretty ſpot,
It is there I drank a joyful pot,
Among the boys that's bonny:
They kindly made me to ſit down,
Where mirth and muſick did abound,
While the ſparkling glaſs went round,
They freely ſpent their money.
In Market-hill I was uſed well,
And in Rich-hill I was the ſame,
The pretty girls to ſee me came,
And kindly they receiv'd me:
From that to Armagh I did ſtray,
Among the boys that's free and gay,
The hit they boldly ſtath'd away,

ney love to welcome ſtrangers.
From that I went to Portadown,
s a pretty form'd town,
n that to Lurgan of high renown,
e Lurgan boys receiv'd me:
ndly they did me embrace,
on got me a piece in haſte,
a loom the did me place,
re a rouſing health to Lurgan.
Then I went to ſee Dromore,
e town I never was in before,
e welcome was for me gallore,
ll my mind was ranging;
r as I was juſt at hand,
ng to view the bonny Bann,
at glorious cultivated land,
in circle form.
O how I look'd with fond delight,
the Uiſter girls both neat and tight,
their own ſpun cloaths like milk white,
pear'd each market morning;
they trip the verdure plain,
ch nymph attended by her ſwain,
e warbling birds their notes do ſtrain,
they are going to ſell their yarn.
Then thro' Loughbrickland I do rove,
nce more to view the ſpot I lov'd,
you ſweet Newry I do approve.
at none may be offended:
e from clamour and from noiſe,
r ever be from Uiſter boys,
at no diſtreſs may damp their joys,
louriſhing trade to Weavers.

Defendam

The Jolly Beggar-man.

I Am a bold Beggar, and begging it is my Delight
And my Rents they are paid when I lay down my
Bags every night;
I'll quit my hard labour, and take a long staff in my
hand,
And serenade the world encouragiously looking for

When I goa begging I must let my beard grow long
The maidens will say, when the meal in my bags they
do cram,
He's proper and tall altho' he is lame of a hand.
And if he was shaven he would be a handsome young
man.

To market and Fairs and Races we merily go
Like a pilgrim I pray each day, with my Hat in my
hand,
And if I get money, right cheersully I do spend,
Among the young lasses, at night that's always my
friend

My breeches is broken, and out my Hautboy does
hang,
When the Ladies they see me, they will all gather in
a throng,
I'll treat them to beer, good cheese, and share of a dram
And they would follow me if my beard was ever so long

To the Beer house I go, and call for a quart or
dram,
The Landlady's kind and say, you are welcome your
man,
I'll drink a pound, a crown, or what ever I please
Your reckoning is paid poor man, you may go when
you please.

Down comes the houſe-keeper, ſaying, here is your
amorous poor man,
ll goodneſs attend you now, and the hour to come,
would throw down my bags, and with her I would
take a ſoft role,
he would rather have that before than pray for her
ſoul.

My ſhort buety coat ſo nicely as it fits on,
nd my ſtraps and my bags ſo neatly as they do hang,
My horn by my ſide, likewiſe my cloak and my can,
nd a ſpike in my ſtaff to beat the bold dogs as I gang.

Fitzgerald's Tragedy. Second Part.

GOOD Chriſtians pray draw near unto me lend
While I do relate this ſad ditty, (an ear,
My name is Fitzgerald whoſe unhappy downfall,
Has mov'd all my friends with great pity;
I'm come of noble blood and meant my country good,
Yet I like a victim was tried,
And ſentenc'd ſpeedily to die upon a tree,
Tho' I their ſad Jury denied.
In CASTLE-BAR I lay in anguiſh night and day,
Where treacherous I was abuſed (baron
When the judges did come down it was told the chief
How inhumanly I was uſed,
This did not him miſmove of it he did approve,
He ſaid I diſturbed this nation,
And if Fitzgerald he can be brought in guilty,
Shall die to his friends ſad vexation.
To the bar was brought my life it there was ſought
Where Galagher ſwore hard againſt me,
Likewiſe my ſervant man he did my life trapan,
Being a trai or that never was truſty,
My life away they ſwore as alſo ſix men more;
Who prov'd my friends when in danger.

Gerd. Fitzgerald.

Defendem

I for their lives lament their sad punishment,
As they to this country are strangers.
As for my loving wife she's weary of her life,
To think I from her must be parted.
Her knees she fell upon to the Lord chief baron,
Who shew'd himself cruel hard hearted;
He thus to her did say Fitzgerald dies this day,
He having received his sentence,
So great has been his crime, I'll not afford him time,
In this world to have repentance.
I've often been abus'd, my tenants were ill us'd,
By numbers of men in this province,
This kingdom all did hear of my usage most severe,
Likewise of the roguish contrivance;
Which was me to anoy my substance to destroy,
My house and furniture did burn,
Which unto Fitzgerald is thought no crime at all,
But that I was right serv'd in my turn.
I Tim Brecknock also in sorrow grief and woe,
Must die with Fitzgerald the valiant, (wrongfully.
Who, tho' innocent must die, his life being sworn most
By Andrew Craig his own servant;
Tho' here I do declare, Craig was the murderer,
Then treacherous he us prosecuted,
Let it ne'er be forgot, that Craig who was a Scot,
Caus'd Fitzgerald to be executed.
I John Fulton who no person ever slew,
Tho' for murder I am accused,
I serv'd brave Fitzgerald, was ready at his call,
Whose person was basely abused,
I declare at my last breath he ne'er deserved death,
I grieve that he was ever born,
Court members says that he disgrac'd his family,
His friends they do now hold in scorn.
As for the other four their hearts are wounded sore
Tho' they a few days more are spared,
Yet for Fitzgerald's sake their lives they'd lay at stake

is fate they fondly would have shared, [relief,
heir hearts are fill'd with grief for them there's no
et hopes that their sins are forgiven,
s innocent they die, may the God of mercy
eceive their poor souls into Heaven.

A friendly Caution to the

Break-a-day Men & Defenders.

'D have you give o'er and wrangle no more,
About Break-a-day, or Defenders,
hey rais'd an uproar thro' the Kingdom you know,
nd the most of them all was offenders;
or both day and night, they were still on their flight
's not easy to know their intention,
he neighbours did say, they mean'd no fair play,
ut every one for an advantage.
Both King and state, and Clergy of late,
trict charges give out thro' this nation,
o have peace in our Isle, then fortune would smile,
nd the law would overcome the transgressors.
ll that did not do, they would not be subdued.
ut assembling upon no occasion,
ow they may cease as their crimes are decreased,
or the Army's among them yet station'd.
Forbear now Greanmore, and quit this uproar,
nd don't ridicule all our neighbours,
here's a deal of them good of their money and food,
nd will share with all kind that is decent;
orgive and forget, and you'll all live upright,
nd no more you need mention night ranging,
ut cease out of hand, 'tis peace we demand,
nd will have by the law of the nation.
or observe the command, is to injure no man,
O that is the way to salvation,
o crave peace and love, from the powers above,

I presume our News Papers have made you acquainted with both the Break-a-day boys & Defenders

And gain the good will of your neighbours ;
'Tis a ſin to abuſe the innocent we are ſure,
This comes off a weakly foundation,
Now ceaſe for a while and learn to be wiſe,
For fear of a worſe alteration.

To compare honeſt men to what you call clans,
That's void of both wit and diſcreſſion,
It is a great wrong and a very bad plan,
To even the juſt to tranſgreſſors ;
Religion caus'd all, tho' with ſome its but ſmall,
Which fills them with great indignation,
A religious fair tongue, and to be foul within,
Is the next to a Turk or an Atheiſt.

The heathens of old, by hiſtory we are told,
For each other had love and compaſſion,
But the Gospel is now by divines handed round,
And expounded to us for directions ;
For the want of true belief, yet they go as a thief,
To rob and to murder each other,
This will not agree, with heaven's decree,
'Till they live all as brother and brother.

There's a proſpect again, of a peace to remain,
By the law of the nation expected,
To ſober this van and the unhappy band,
That firſt began theſe tranſactions ;
They have ruin'd this land, that was a'l good friends
With anger confuſion and malice,
Diſputed therefore, what they did not know,
Religion promoted this folly.

Now to conclude, you may ſhun being rude,
And turn to the greateſt peace-maker,
He is above all that can ſave you from thrall,
And pardon your ſins and tranſgreſſions ;
No more do not pauſe on religion at all,
For that is what ſets you all raging,
God proſper our King and our Parliament men,
And likewiſe 'Squire M'Can's regulating.

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